



Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

JANUARY

1964





MEN of a U. S. Army unit use a fallen log to cross a ravine in their march through Burma.
U. S. Army photograph taken March 2, 1944.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA-BURMA-INDIA

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

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• In case you have forgotten your Chinese, the characters shown here have approximately the pronunciation in Cantonese of GUNG HAY FAT CHOY. The meaning: "Happy New Year." This refers, of course, to the Chinese New Year which will be observed with a big parade in San Francisco's Chinatown on February 22. If you have completely recovered from one New Year's celebration this year, you can now make plans for the second one.

• This month's cover shows a Chinese and an American officer, just a few hundred yards from the Japanese lines, conferring on a coming attack. U. S. Army photo taken February 13, 1944.

• We appreciate the letters and editorial material that has been mailed to us recently. Keep it coming—that's how we're able to publish Ex-CBI Roundup 10 times each year!

JANUARY, 1964



Dry Land Sailor

• A recent item in the L. A. Times tells about William A. Whipple of Point Mugu, a dry land sailor who served in CBI. The chief machine accountant retired after 20 years of service, according to the Times, without ever having gone to sea, or even having walked on the deck of a Navy vessel. Whipple enlisted in the Navy at the start of World War II, and even served with the Army Air Corps in India. He went around the world, too, but by air, not ship.

ABRAHAM A. KRUGER,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Never Heard of It

• It certainly is amazing to me that you fellows have had a publication and I have never heard about it all these years.

THOMAS H. KELLEY,
Winnetka, Ill.



SNAKE in the hands of this Calcutta resident is shown to passersby before exhibiting it in a fight with a mongoose. Photo by Fred T. Evans.



KITCHEN of the 172nd General Hospital at Kunming, China. Photo by Furman H. Tyner, M.D.

Hooghly River Cruise

• The following clipping interested me: "A handsome river launch called the 'Banga Laxmi' now carries tourists in Calcutta on a three-hour cruise down the Hooghly River. Sights along the way include the great temple of Dakshineshwar, the monastery of Balur Math, and Howrah Bridge, third largest cantilever span in the world. The trip traces the development of Calcutta from a 17th century village to a sprawling metropolis. The price for three hours afloat is \$2.10, reports Pan American Airways." I took a similar trip in 1944 only the launch was not so handsome. The Calcutta Red Cross arranged such a regular trip for GIs on leave.

E. G. FOSTER,
Boulder, Colo.

San Francisco Officers

• At the November dinner meeting held in the Marines' Memorial Club, San Francisco, the General George W. Sliney Basha, Inc., elected and installed

the following officers for the new year: Immediate past commander, Jerry Moore; basha commander, Syd Wilson; vice commander Dorothy Davis; judge advocate, Col. Lee V. Harris; finance officer, Mae Bissell; adjutant, Ila Kidd; chaplain, Sue Upfill; sergeant at arms, George Chan; public relations, Ray Kirkpatrick;

directors, Tom McCurdy, Joel Springer and Ray Kirkpatrick; entertainment committee, Jerry Moore, Joel Springer and Dorothy Davis. The parade for Chinese New Year's, in which the basha will again take part, will be held Saturday evening, Feb. 22, 1964 (Year of the Dragon).

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
San Francisco, Calif.

Forever and a Day

• The Roundup has been coming in regularly, and is greatly appreciated, not only by me but by others as well. May it continue forever and a day!

R. A. WELFLE, S.J.,
Patna, India

Longest Pipeline

• In the Baltimore Sun, a recent article entitled "The Longest Pipeline in the World" was about the Big Inch. I always thought the pipeline I helped work on in Burma was part of the longest one. Was with the 699 E.P.D. Kindly let me know.

EDWARD FAINBERG,
Baltimore, Md.

Come on, all you pipeline experts, let's hear the answer to this one! Just send the information to Roundup.—Ed.



HEAVY EQUIPMENT was often in trouble in the jungles of Burma. Here are men of the 1304th Engineer Battalion with some of their equipment, south of the Mogaung in 1944. Photo by William J. Lewis.

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Chabua Mural

• A recent issue of Air Force Times carried a "CBI style" picture (reproduced on this page), with the following explanation: "Old India Hands may recognize this painting, which was recently discovered by personnel from the office of the Air Attache, New Delhi. While on a trip to the Assam Valley in northeast India, the Americans landed at Chabua Airfield for an overnight stay. During their stopover, Wing Comdr. Aquino, the station commander, showed them around base operations, where they were surprised to find murals showing American service people. Aquino told them

that Chabua was a U. S. Army Air Force base during World War II, but he did not know what type of unit it was assigned there or what operations were conducted. The Air Attache personnel hope a veteran of the India theater will remember the paintings and the significance of them, and also will be able to say what outfit was stationed at Chabua and what its mission was." Surely there must be readers of Roundup who can provide the information requested.

MARVIN STEPHENS,
Council Bluffs, Ia.

It's our guess that this particular mural had something to do with the air freight operation! But perhaps we're

wrong. Let's hear from those of you who know.—Ed.

17 Yanks Survive

• The article about John J. Gussak in your November issue, "Only 17 Yanks Survived," is one of the most dramatic true stories to come out of World War II. The author, Emile C. Schurmacher, has done a marvelous job of telling. Surely there must be other CBI veterans among your readers who have interesting stories to tell about their own experiences. Time's running out... let's have more of those true tales for Roundup!

ARTHUR RACHER,
Bellevue, Nebr.



THIS MURAL, at base operations of Chabua Airfield in India, was pictured in a recent issue of the Air Force Times. For information as to why it was published, see letter from Marvin Stephens elsewhere on this page.

China-Bound Convoy Rolls

From Jan. 25, 1945, issue of *Roundup*
By S/Sgt. EDGAR LAYTHA

MYITKYINA—The Brahmaputra Valley was in excellent form. The sun was high, the air was clear, and Ledo of Assam was as busy as usual. Still, the G.I. hotspot teemed with activity. Suddenly, traffic moving to Mile Point 0.00 had to stop. Few, very few, knew what was going on, as the first convoy to China moved out.

The press, radio and newsreel were waiting for the convoy at Myitkyina, 262 miles away. Thus, the ceremony at Mile Point 0.00 was strictly a military, family affair. Soldier correspondents and G.I. movie cameramen recorded the move out. The spectators, too, were exclusively soldiers who just happened to be about.

At 1 p.m. the waiting convoy flanked the road below Mile Point 0.00 like an endless arrow. The drivers stood at attention by their vehicles, snapped to salute as the three-starred jeep of the Theater Commander drove by. General Dan's car stopped in front of the leading truck. There, with a broad smile on his pleasant face, Brig. Gen. Lewis A. Pick, Commanding General of the Ledo Road project, welcomed General Dan.

"Sir," began Pick, "the Ledo Road line to China is open. The first convoy is ready."

"Congratulations, General Pick," replied the Old Man, "you have done a splendid job. I am confident that this is the first of many convoys to go with this road to our Chinese Allies."

"Line'm up, Mullet," called Pick to Col. Dewitt T. Mullet, the convoy commander, who thereupon gave the signal, and the fantastic caravan moved into the Naga Hills.

Yes, there was something fantastic about this American caravan. Two M.P.'s with white gloves and glaring white helmet liners, never seen in Assam before, raced ahead on motorcycles. The lead truck followed, with its special fancily-painted top, which made it look like a streamlined covered wagon. The vehicles carried the flags of America and China, and a big sign on both sides. Its screaming letters called attention to the First Convoy Ledo Road. Pick's Pike—Lifeline to China. In a zipper cover on the cab, a revolving anti-aircraft gun pointed toward the sky. There followed a seemingly endless parade of brand-new 6 x 6 trucks, weapon carriers, jeeps, ambulances. The larger vehicles were loaded with supplies, many had hooked-on artillery pieces trailing behind. All this, from jeeps to blankets, will become

Chinese property, as soon as the convoy reaches Kunming. A token and herald of more to come. The symbolic gesture of an American and Chinese driver in each vehicle gave the procession dynamic dignity. The Chinese and the Americans wore their standard uniforms. And somehow they rose to the occasion. They looked very serious and proud. Specially, the Chinese seemed carefully selected. And theirs was the honor to drive the convoy into Kunming. Now, while the Yanks were driving, they could relax and acknowledge the cheers of the Road.

The first 30 miles of the Road recalled an American metropolis to me. One is deceived by the huge traffic, the gas stations, toiling Americans, and the multitude of Yank outfits flanking the road: Quartermaster trucking outfits, maintenance units, hospitals, and warehouse areas. This animating impression, however, becomes a mirage, when, instead of the anticipated city, one finds himself trapped in a jungle.

The reaction of the Road was exciting. A glance at the be-flagged special convoy, with M.P.'s racing from one end to the other, made it clear that a three-year-old dream has become a reality. Every onlooker responded in his own way. Some waved, some shouted, many smiled, called Ding How to the Chinese drivers, and some snapped to attention and saluted the fluttering little flags.

The Negro boys at the roadside made big eyes and did not smile. Their searching gaze swept from car to car, looking in vain for colored men. But they have not been forgotten. These matchless drivers, in whose strong hands the deadliest curve becomes a toy have been selected to join the enlarged convoy when it will pull out from Myitkyina. They will help to master the steep mountain passes of China, some almost 10,000 feet high.

The amazement of The Road was truly international. Indian pioneer troops who gravel The Road and dig drainage ditches cheered, so did the Chinese engineers who work on The Road. The colorful Naga Hillmen who helped to clear, with their bare hands, the former mule trail which now is the Ledo Road, and the friendly Kachins who walked the military highway barefooted in pursuit of their little affairs, just stopped, made big eyes, seemed not to know what the excitement was all about.

The picture of The Road itself, of course, lives already in all our minds, whether we have actually seen it or not.

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But let us pause at its highlights as the convoy passes by.

Between the 13th and 14th mile point, we climbed on hairpin curves to 4,230 feet, arrived at the famous Pangsa Pass: The Burma border. A little less than two years ago, the first American lead bulldozer crossed this lofty border into Burma. That evening a formal retreat with flags and bugles was held by the officers and enlisted men of the Engineering units attached at the point.

It's so drippy to enthuse about scenic views, but a gaze from this border pass reveals the most impressive picture you can see in Burma. The convoy stops for a short while in the pass, on the edge of a tremendous abyss. In the far distance, you can see isolated white peaks of the Himalayas climbing in stair steps into the sky. Beneath the white peaks, a huge mountain range swims in indigo. Beneath that, in catalytic depth, stretches the jungle. And down in the green depth, the Ledo Road is climbing on pinpoint curves towards the pass. It is strange to realize that we were down there about a half hour ago. But in the same gaze we have the proof, for on The Road still thousands of feet below us the rest of the convoy is moving upwards. Thus, in this singular gaze from Pangsa Pass, you see the magnitude of an American-made miracle, which General Pick, its architect, so aptly described as "beyond doubt the most difficult road project the American Army has undertaken in war time."

After sunset, the mountain air became crisp and cold. Like an endless cog-wheel, the convoy negotiated peak after peak, climbed and descended, mastered curves whose boldness made anything we had seen of curves in the movies little and trivial. Flaming buckets of oil on the roadside lit up the dangerous parts of the highway, made the cliffs glow. These were the very buckets General Pick inaugurated when inadequate illumination made a round-the-clock working schedule impossible. Sometimes, we seemed to see village lights flicker in the dark. But there were no villages. It was again the trailing half of the convoy.

Many of the drivers had never been so far on The Road. They could scarcely believe that riding a supply convoy through this often-cursed, once Godforsaken landscape could be so exhilarating. Others, however, have seen this miracle in its making. And they remembered. They remembered the time when the highway was a mere mule trail. They remembered the Ledo Road Engineers who slept in water-logged tents in a streaming jungle. But the highway had not only to be built, it had to be wrenched inch by inch from the Jap. And we thought of the departed General Silwell who made it possible. He

was with us all along the journey. His conquest of The Road began right here, a few miles beyond Pangsa Pass, for only 42 miles of road construction was achieved over friendly terrain. From here on, all the way to Mong Yu, where the Ledo Road meets the Burma Road, the Engineers were subjected to Jap ambushes, land mines, bombing, strafing, and sniping. But Stilwell knew how to tackle the Jap, he cut into his rear, and threw road blocks across his retreat. On the heels of the fighters, often alongside, came General Pick's trail blazers, Engineer recces parties hacking a trace with axes across jungle.

The convoy passed landmark after landmark. Later, we had supper on The Road's highest point: The 5,000-foot high Gap. The Jap advanced to the Gap with all the elephants he could get hold of in Burma. But he chose to withdraw to his supply base at Shingbwiyang, when his native porters and elephant contractors deserted him under cover of night. We were racing now down the same steep path of his retreat. It was an exciting descent of several thousand feet over a stretch of only 15 miles.

At Shingbwiyang, in the Hukwang valley, the convoy had its first overnight bivouac, and the drivers used, for the first time, their jungle hammocks. Next morning, colored boys served hot coffee in a 24-hour transit mess.

From Shingbwiyang, the country was more or less flat, the highway wide, the evergreen trees in the forest very tall and very large. But again this pretty forest has the bad habit to turn into a hell of a swamp during the monsoon. The many rivers which cross the Ledo Road were formidable barriers to Pick's Engineers at monsoon time. In addition to 10 major rivers, over 150 streams had to be bridged before truck traffic could reach the Burma Road. Every three miles, our convoy passed over one of these bridges as if they had been there since the time of peace.

The convoy passed over the sites of many jungle battles, now service stations of The Road. You may remember the names: Tingkawk Sakan, Jambu Bum Pass, Shaduzup and Warazup. Burned-out tanks still lay on the roadside and in the riverbeds.

At Warazup, in the Mogaung Valley, we bivouacked for the second time. Next morning, heavy fog blanketed the valley and The Road. Heavy dust caked on the lamps and windshields. At mid-morning, the sun came out and with it many liaison planes from which Signal Corps cameraman photographed the cavalcade. These little Cub planes, by the way did a great job during the campaigns of the

Leodo Road. They evacuated the casualties and helped direct artillery fire

At General Pick's triangle, some 10 miles from Myitkyina, where the Leodo Road turns to Bhamo, the convoy's path was blocked by correspondents from the two interested Theaters. The G.I. and Chinese drivers smiled into the cameras and everybody was happy. Perhaps happiest of all was the magic master of the

Leodo Road: General Pick. His face beamed all over. A Chinese guard of honor waited for him with fixed bayonet. With his famous pilgrim stick, the General walked to a little hill in the center of the road junction and pointed towards China. We rolled into Myitkyina, moved into a special bivouac area in the center of the town. The drivers washed up, dined and went to see Hedy Lamarr. —THE END

The Rhino Who Was Top Secret

From the San Francisco Chronicle

By RICHARD CRITCHFIELD

NEW DELHI—The only participant in Operation Shiksha, the current Indo-Anglo-American joint air defense exercise, who is not bound by tight-lipped security measures is a lady rhinoceros.

The rhino, one of the vanishing Great Indian One-Horned species (only 300 in India and 20-odd in Nepal still left) will catch a ride to Washington National Zoo aboard a U. S. Air Force C-130 transport at the end of the air exercises November 25, along with her 400-pound, five-month-old calf.

For days last week the female rhino's whereabouts, travel plans and very existence were a closely guarded secret as she somehow became ensnared in zealous U. S. Air Force attempts to comply with India's desire to muffle publicity on the air defense drill.

The Indians, aside from a natural love of secrecy, are afraid that photos and stories of U. S. and Indian fighter squadrons flying together might stir trouble among their domestic leftists, the resentful Pakistanis and Premier Khrushchev's old-guard party bosses in Moscow who are already uneasy about current Soviet military aid to India.

To forestall any trouble, the Indian government has clamped down on publicity. No newsmen or photographers (including so far a special USAF photography team flown in from Orlando, Fla.) will be allowed to observe the exercises.

Somehow the rhinoceros, who has no visible military capability, stumbled into this maze of nonaligned phobias and cautionary red tape.

Finally, J. Lear Grimmer, the National Zoo's associate director, who is also in town, set the record straight.

The mother rhinoceros and her infant calf are India's gift to the National Zoo's only Indian rhinoceros, Tarung, a male. The Air Force became involved only when Grimmer arrived here recently and discovered no commercial air cargo flights could handle the more than one-and-a-

half ton live bulk of Trang's future mate.

A wire home evoked help from Vice President Lyndon Johnson, a regent of the Smithsonian Institution, who asked the Air Force to bring the two rhinoceroses along from Calcutta in a support transport following Operation Shiksha.

In the meantime, Grimmer, his wife and his niece (who is TV personality Mitch Miller's daughter), the director of the Delhi and Calcutta zoos, a host of Indian officials and the three-man USAF photography team (stymied from taking shots of the air exercise) intend to set forth in a caravan of elephants on a three-day safari into Assam.

There in the steamy jungle of the Kaziranga Game Reserve (famed for its herds of wild elephants and Bengal tigers) they will photograph the vanishing rhino herd in its natural habitat.

Tarang's future mate was to have been presented to President Kennedy by Indira Gandhi, Prime Minister Nehru's daughter, during her visit to Washington last April.

But arrangements for the presentation were halted when former Ambassador John Kenneth Galbraith wired the disconcerting news to Washington that Tarung's intended was pregnant.

It is now hoped Mrs. Gandhi will be able to visit New York to christen the baby rhinoceros at the opening of the Indian Pavilion at the World's Fair in June.

Both the mother and calf are expected to weather the flight to Washington easily, calmed by tranquilizers and fed a special zoo ration of mixed grain (they now live on jungle grass).

Grimmer will also bring back on the same plane a selection of Indian birds as well as some scaly ant-eaters, cranes and storks and sacred Hanuman black-faced monkeys. (Hanuman is the monkey-headed Hindu god of strength).

Tarung's future mate, whose age is "something over 15" is now caged in Assam's Gauhati awaiting shipment to Calcutta.

—THE END.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



On The

GROUND GLASS

ISSUE NO. 8

PASSED BY U.S. ARMY CENSOR A.P.C. 465

JUNE 12 1945



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STREETS OF CALCUTTA



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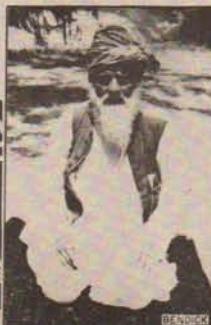
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PRODUCED BY 7TH PHOTO TECH. SQUADRON

EIGHTH OF A SERIES of picture layouts by the 7th Photo Tech. Sq. to be presented in Ex-CBI Roundup is this "Issue No. 8" dated June 12, 1945. The Ground Glass was a voluntary effort to give members of the squadron mementos of their tour of duty. These layouts used through the courtesy of Gordon Smock and Wm. S. Johnson.

A Visit to Benares

(This interesting article, author unknown, is reprinted from the June 1875 issue of Scribner's Monthly. The copy of the magazine, in excellent condition, was submitted by Ray Kirkpatrick of San Francisco. This is the second of two installments.)

His Highness, surrounded by a great crowd of princes and attendants, received me in a large pillared court, and, having graciously waved me to a seat at his right hand, asked if I spoke Hindustani, remarking that he could not speak English; but my interpreter was near by and served as well. The rajah was very plainly dressed, and was smoking a beautiful silver-wrought hookah. He seemed quite an old gentleman, of large and fleshy person, with a keen intellectual countenance, and very bland and pleasing manners. He first offered me refreshments of all kinds, and then wished to know how he could serve me. He inquired concerning my past travels; asked if I had seen Benares, and said that one of his elephants was at my disposal for visiting any part of the city whenever desired. On taking leave the rajah was good enough to present me with a beautiful silver-silk perfumed neck ribbon as a mark of his regard, and one of the officers gave me a bottle of the priceless attar-of-rose, after the Indian custom. At the palace gate there stood a huge elephant ready to convey me to Rajghaut, where the gharry was in waiting.

Upon returning to the hotel one afternoon from a sail upon the Ganges before the city, I found Baboo Ganesh Chunder, the private secretary of the Rajah of Benares, awaiting my arrival with a note from his royal master proposing to give a nautch (native dance) in my honor at "Karnatcha Palace" (situated on the same side of the river as the city) in the evening at any time from eight o'clock to twelve, and wishing me to name the hour which would be most convenient. I gladly accepted the invitation, and promised to visit the palace at nine o'clock. His Highness spends a large proportion of his time in Benares, it being a more convenient place for the transaction of business than the citadel of Ramnaghur.

A drive of two miles brought us (my interpreter accompanied me) to the palace gate. Though it was quite dark, one could see beautiful gardens and glistening tanks and gayly ornamented summer-houses on the one side; and on the other the palace—a plain two story building, with a narrow stone staircase, which led to the upper floor on the outside, and

which brought us to the reception chamber. The walls were decorated with paintings by native artists of some of the rajah's ancestors and friends, a native-made carpet lay upon the floor, and the room was lighted with chandeliers holding candles. Chairs having been placed, the officers informed me His Highness would not arrive until ten o'clock, being unexpectedly detained by important business, but that the nautch would proceed at once. Refreshments in the form of wine and cigars were offered as before, but after we had declined them all, the dancers and musicians entered.

The nautch girls were the rajah's private dancers, kept for his own special amusement and who danced before him nearly every evening. They were dressed in wide-flowing trousers and long robes, or rather shawls, of heavy crimson silk, made perfectly stiff, with gold and silver thread embroidery, trimmings and borders. They were greatly over-loaded with jewelry on the neck, arms, hands, legs, and feet; large and curiously worked rings hung from the lobes of the ear, as worn in European countries, and, in addition, a perfect fringe of small rings dangled from holes pierced along their upper rims; there were dozens of armlets, bands of gold, two or three inches wide, set with various colored jewels; a half-dozen necklaces, some of them chains with gold coins attached; rings, four and six on a finger; anklets strung with little bells; and gold and silver toelets (they dance with bare feet). The distinguishable jewels were the topaz, onyx, caruncle, agate and carnelian.

The movements of the dancers were very slow—being much hindered by their long robes. They scarcely seemed to raise their feet from the floor, the performance consisting of posturing and singing rather than what we understand by the simple term dancing. In fact, no people of the East indulge in dancing parties as do the natives of the West; Orientals never dance themselves; it is not dignified, and they always hire others to dance before them. And so fond are they of the diversion, that the profession of a dancing girl is both popular and lucrative, though it is not considered very respectable to thus appear before the public; and these girls, some of whom are possessed of extraordinary beauty, generally lead an irregular course of life. One of the officers behind my chair remarked that a rather fascinating girl who had been dancing for some little time was a splendid singer, the celebrated—but I confess never to have heard such extra-

ordinary screeching in my life. She sang at the extreme limit of her gamut, with not the slightest attempt at expression or modulation, and with short intervals for recuperation, as long as her strength lasted, when she was relieved by another, and afterward another, and so the torture proceeded.

The musicians, four in number, stood behind the dancers and followed their most eccentric movements. The instruments employed were two violins or guitars—one with steel wire strings—a tom-tom or kettle drum, and a pair of cymbals. The guitars, shaped very like crook-neck squashes, were held before the body, supported by the waistband, and played upon with bows closely resembling those in use in European countries. The tom-toms were two in number, fastened to a belt which was strapped about the performer, who played by drumming upon them with his fists and fingers. The cymbals were made of brass and in action would answer perhaps to our triangle and castanets combined. The guitars were melodious in themselves but the music produced was entirely without tune, and hence rather monotonous, the same strains being repeated again and again.

On either side of the dancers and musicians there were torch-bearers, who followed them forward and backward in their evolutions and who were stationed so that the light exhibited the gorgeous dresses of the nautch girls to the best effect. These torches were made simply of greased rags, and emitted a thick oily smoke, which soon filled the room and almost suffocated us. Nautch dancing, to my mind, is like the famous attar-of-rose essence peculiar to this country,—a very little goes a great way.

After an hour or so of the Terpsichorean and Euterpean performances, the rajah and suite entered. His Highness was dressed in a magnificent cloth-of-gold suit,—vest, trousers, and tunic,—the latter embroidered with a beautiful palm-leaf pattern; on his feet were silk slippers; a jeweled armlet clasped one arm; massive rings glistened on his fingers; and his cap was of purple velvet, covered with rich gold flowers, leaves and vines. In his hand he carried a gold-headed cane, more for support than ornament, for he is quite an old man. The young prince, his son—Koor Perbho Narain Sing Bahadoor—was not present, having remained at Ramnaghur in charge of the citadel during his father's absence. The Nautch proceeded at the rajah's request, while a splendid silver hookah was brought for His Highness to smoke.

This hookah well merits a description. It rested upon a solid silver tray, two feet in diameter, and its stem (a pliable

hose called nicha in Hindustani), 20 feet in length, was covered with red velvet, wound with gold and silver thread. The bowl of silver with fantastic embossed cover, held the tobacco and the lighted charcoal (balls composed of powdered charcoal, mixed with water, and baked in the sun), and was mounted on a silver pillar, or rather tube, about three feet in height, the whole artfully modeled, and covered with arabesque engraving. At the bottom of this tube was a large bell-shaped vessel, containing rose-water, to which the hose was attached, and through which the tobacco smoke is drawn, cool and perfumed. The nicha terminated in a beautiful mouthpiece of amber and silver.

"How long will the hookah of Your Highness remain lighted?" I asked; for the natives do not smoke continuously, but sit and gossip, and read, and sing for hours at a time with the nichas in their hands, with only an occasional puff.

"All night," answered the rajah, and added, with a merry twinkle of the eye, "My hookah is stronger than myself, for I am so fatigued at night that often, while smoking I fall asleep; but my faithful hookah is never tired, for I always find it lighted on awakening in the morning."

This may be explained by the fact that the greater part of the sleep of a wealthy native is taken at noon and in the early afternoon—during the great heat of the day;—they seldom retire at night before 11 or 12, and rise always by five o'clock in the morning, or at daylight, thus making it four or five hours only at the farthest, during which the rajah's hookah remained lighted.

We then had a full half-hour of the nautch, during which time I talked almost incessantly with the rajah through my interpreter, the dialect employed being Persian—the court language of Hindustan, and with which most educated natives are familiar. His Highness had recently been absent on a visit to Allahabad, where he also owns a palace and gardens. He had made the excursion for religious purposes, and told me, laughingly, that he had lost his moustache on that occasion. Allahabad, being situated at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna rivers, is regarded as a holy city, and thousands of pilgrims visit it every year. The hair and beard are cut at the junction of the rivers, and for every hair which there falls into the sacred flood, a million years will be granted in paradise—and hence the rajah's visit.

The nautch had ceased and after refreshments, two musicians were ordered to enter. The one carried a been, and the other a very long-armed and small-bodied guitar. The been is a most sing-

ular and primitive instrument, which was used thousands of years ago in Hindustan. It consists of two large hollow pumpkins, which are joined by a bamboo cane two or three inches in diameter and perhaps six feet in length; over this are stretched seven wire cords of different sizes, resembling those of a piano, and upon these the performer plays with the tips of his fingers. Both of these instruments were like guitars, harmonious in themselves—that is, capable of producing good music; but the men kept thumping a half-dozen strains or chords over and over again in the most monotonous manner, and with a nearly unbearable effect.

Apropos of Hindu music, Fitzedward Hall has said of it very tersely: "Hindu music is, in truth, a fearful thing, being simply an alternation of roars, screams, croaks, and squeaks; and the more volume there is of them the finer is the music. Once, when present at the playing of a regimental band, on my asking a certain rajah which of the instruments he preferred, I was in nowise surprised at my majestic friend's reply, 'the bass drum'."

During the evening I exchanged photographs and autographs with the Maharajah, and had the gratification of seeing myself placed in the distinguished company of Lord Mayo and some other officials of the British-Indian Empire in his superb pearl-covered album. His Highness presented me with a letter of introduction, written in Persian, to a friend residing at Umritsur, and said he would willingly give me others, but that Agra, Lucknow, Delhi, and Lahore were all Mohammedan cities, and he, being a Hindu, had no acquaintance in any of them, at least no person with whom he was sufficiently intimate to ask favors for an American or Englishman. The rajah would serve me further, and promised to send me a hookah to smoke, and an elephant to use in seeing some interesting parts of the city on the following morning.

Previous to taking leave, His Highness requested me to write him concerning my further travels, which letter he would answer, and added: "If, while you are in any part of India, you are in trouble or in want of anything which it is in my power to grant or bestow, a written request from you alone will be necessary to obtain it." The rajah also placed upon my shoulders one of the silver embroidered neck ribbons "of regard" before mentioned, and sprinkled some attar-of-rose essence upon my handkerchief, doing all with much kindness and apparent sincerity. "Good-bye," said the rajah, using, doubtless, the sole English phrase of which he had command; "Palagan Ma-

haraj" (I respectfully bow before you, honored sir). I returned with my broadest Hindustani accent. It was after midnight when we left Karnatcha Palace, and rode back to the hotel by moonlight through long avenues of glossy peepul, feathery weem and gnarled mango trees.

The next morning two men, one of them the Rajah's own Hookah-burdar, or pipe preparer, came to the hotel with the promised hookah, and shortly afterward the arrival of the elephant was announced. The hookah resembled the one already described. The smoke was of a very mild but agreeable flavor, cooled and purified by its passage through the water. The tobacco is not used pure and unadulterated, but several other plants and some spices and molasses are added. In appearance it resembles opium or thick pitch, and is called goracco (smoking paste). I obtained an account of its preparation from the pipe attendant. In the first place, he said, the tobacco leaves (tobacco is extensively grown throughout Hindustan) are pounded and chopped very fine; then molasses, bananas, and cinnamon are added, and the mass, being well mixed is kept in the sun until fermentation ensues, when a little musk is added, and the paste, being of the consistency of soft clay, is made into lumps the size of a man's fist, in which state it will keep for years. Sometimes for flavoring the smoke rose-water is poured into the "snake" or nicha, or the water in the bowl is perfumed by the addition of some fragrant oils. Tobacco and hookahs of good quality are sold in the bazaars very cheap, and all natives of India—Moguls of every grade, and Hindus, from Brahmins to pariahs, are great smokers, and, consequently, must use very mild tobacco. Pipes sell at various prices. The ryot (peasant) pays but two pice (one-half a cent) for his neraul (cocoanut water-pipe), while the jewel-studded, gold-mounted hookah of His Majesty the King, or His Highness the Rajah, often costs as much as a thousand rupees.

The entire morning was spent in riding about the city. The elephant, in passing through the bazaar, would occasionally help himself to a piece of sugar-cane, or a few guavas or vegetables from the shops, to the disgust of the traders, but to my intense amusement. It was quite a novel sensation to move along, mounted so high as to be able to gaze into the second-story windows of the houses. Some of the streets were so narrow that the flanks of the animal touched the shop-awnings on either side, while others were even too slight breadth to admit his huge body. During the ride we visited two palaces belonging to the Rajah of Benares. They are situated in Secrole—the European quarter—on opposite sides

of a broad street. His Highness entertains his foreign guests in them, the one containing sitting and sleeping apartments, and the other banqueting and ball-rooms. The Duke of Edinburgh and suite occupied them on his late visit to India, and Lord Mayo and other notabilities were domiciled therein whenever they visited the holy city. The buildings are of brick, stuccoed, two stories in height, with broad verandas, and surrounded by extensive "compounds," laid out in level lawns and beautiful parterres. The palaces contain large and lofty rooms furnished in European style, but are overstocked with paintings and engravings of little merit, and trinkets, and ornaments, and fancy clocks; and the carpets, of native manufacture, had the appearance of old rugs, owing to their dull color and thick plushy substance.

Returning to the hotel, the driver of the elephant caused her to perform some tricks. But few elephants can be taught them, and the rajah, thinking to please me, sent this particular one, she being a "trick" elephant. At command the animal would raise her trunk high in air and make a profound salaam or bow in correct style, accompanying the motion with a loud snort. She would also walk and dance upon two feet, lie down and rise up at command, and smoke from a hookah. The stick pointed with iron which the driver carries is called a haunkus;

it is about 20 inches in length and is usually made of iron, though some have wooden handles; the tip has a sharp point, and some six inches above it is a semi-circular hook about four inches in diameter; and with this, as a means of enforcing his commands, he pricks the elephant's head on both sides. When they become very restless or obstinate a full half inch of the haunkus is inserted, and always on the day following that on which the animals have been used a healing oil is rubbed into their wounds.

Benares was for many centuries the metropolis of the land of the Hindus and "the intellectual eye" of India, and is still the seat of much learning, culture, and power, though it is no longer, as formerly, the capital of an immense independent State. The early condition of this city, its connection with ancient Buddhism, its antiquities, its famous temples, holy wells and tanks, its numerous ghauts leading down to the Ganges, its manufactures and commerce, its inhabitants, the ceremonies of the idolater, the religious festivals, and the gorgeous displays of the native courts—combine to make it to the Western traveler one of the most interesting spots in all India. A few days after my grand reception at Karnatka Palace I reluctantly left for Allahabad, the capital of a province of like name, about 100 miles from the sacred city of the Hindus. **THE END**



*News dispatches from recent issues
of The Calcutta Statesman*

CALCUTTA—A super-highway between Calcutta and Dum Dum is expected to be ready for use by the end of the year. The road will be 100 feet wide, divided in the middle by a 16-ft. green shrub line and flanked on either side by canals.

CALCUTTA—A survey of passenger traffic at Howrah station during the Puja period reveals that 391,314 passengers arrived at the station during a period of one week.

NEW DELHI—The first Indian-made tank is expected to roll out of the heavy vehicles factory at Avadi (near Madras) in 1965. When this tank factory goes into production, it will be one of the biggest industrial establishments in the country. The project initially will employ about 3,000 workers and cover an area of about 1,500 acres.

DELHI—The Purana Qila was recently the scene of the capital's biggest eviction operation when the fort's 5,000 residents were peacefully dislodged by 800 policemen supported by the demolition squad. The operation started as early as 3 a.m. when most of the residents were asleep. They were moved in 110 trucks to the transit camps at Madangiri and Khampur. According to corporation officials, the premises of the Purana Qila will be restored to the Archaeological Department of the Government of India.

LUCKNOW—The chewing of betel leaves by members of the Vidhan Sabha, while they deliver speeches, has been prohibited under a ruling by the U. P. Vidhan Sabha Speaker, Madam Mohan Varma.

DELHI—An Indian circus troupe has returned from a 3½-month tour of Russia. It was the first such troupe to visit a foreign country under the cultural exchange programme. The seven members performed in Moscow, Sochi and Yalta. Mr. Shankaran, leader of the troupe, said they also visited the circus training college in Moscow. The college trains 400 youngsters of different nationalities and has promised to take a few trainees from India if the Government of India agrees to send them.

An Editor Visits India

This is the third in a series of several articles by a Kansas newspaper man, which were written during his recent visit to India. The author is editorial page editor of The Hutchinson News, daily newspaper published at Hutchinson, Kan.

By JOHN P. HARRIS

GIR FOREST—This is a government timber preserve that covers 100 square miles or so. Its trees, except for an occasional towering, old banyan, are low and spaced several feet apart. Open forest, they call it. Excellent lion country, they add. So naturally there are resident lions. Some 300 by latest count.

Time was when the rich maharajahs came to Gir Forest for lion hunting. They would bring parties of as many as 500 with them. Beaters would be sent out to direct the kings of the beasts toward a staked-out goat. While the lions were gorging on their kill, the princely hunters would shoot a few of them from safe platforms arranged in the trees. It was about as sporting as shooting a horse while he was enjoying a peck of oats. The skins looked most impressive later, though, when they were spread out on the palace floor.

Today the lives of the lions are protected by law. Now visitors in increasing numbers come to Gir for lion looking. If they come through the day, they won't see any, because the big beasts prefer to retire to the shade and sleep through the heat. For a special fee of \$30, however, the lions can be coaxed out by the smell of a freshly-killed goat, and visitors can study them at their meal.

Lion Looking

Sunset is the best time for lion watching. They begin thinking of their evening repast. As the light dims, visitors to the Gir sanctuary may see several individual animals or even one or two prides of lions within a few minutes' time. Nightime is much more difficult, but not impossible, and our party had arrived long after dark.

Our luck proved to be in, however. The single light we could see far off among the trees proved to be a forest guards' hut. One of them—a grizzled fellow with a long rifle who might have come out of the Kentucky hills—got in our car. Having lived long among them, he knew his lions and their night life.

In no more than 15 minutes he suddenly directed the driver to go slowly down a narrow lane. At the end of it, not fifty feet from where the car stopped, in the full glare of the headlights of the car, grouped together at the edge of a little

ravine, stood a lioness and three half-grown cubs.

They showed curiosity but no alarm. After a minute the lioness walked slowly across the ravine and sank into a sitting posture that would have delighted a sculptor. Here was a queen of the beasts who showed her regal disdain for mere humans by looking pointedly off in the opposite direction.

Curious Cubs

The cubs showed the trusting curiosity of children. They permitted the car to roll within 20 feet of them and were not frightened when we all got out for a better look. They merely stared at us fixedly for a while, then lost interest and became so indifferent to our presence that they began to play with one another like kittens. Finally they ambled across to rejoin their mother and soon all four had disappeared into the bushes.

The guard might have located other lions for us, but it was getting late and we still had had no dinner. So we drove on several miles to the guest house the government maintains out here in the woods. As we waited for our meal, the chief official of the game preserve appeared to give us some additional lion lore.

He is a dapper little man with excellent English and a love for using it. He loves lions, too. He sees in them many human qualities and some he considers better than that. The lion leaves men alone and asks only that the latter return the compliment. He will attack only under one circumstance.

"That's when he is disturbed while eating. At first he will only growl a little, and that is not dangerous. If he begins twisting his tail in a circular fashion, start running. If you don't, it will be too late. The lion will chase you, and while he will not kill or eat you, he will give you one swipe with his forepaw. Then septic poisoning will set in almost at once from the slashes and this will be fatal. This has happened four or five times here, but I don't blame my lions."

Don't Eat Men

Lions, he went on, are never man-eaters. Only tigers. And then only old ones whose teeth have got bad and their claws loose. They are no longer fast enough to catch wild game for food, so they turn to slower-moving men. Once having known the taste of human flesh, they continue this diet until they are killed.

The official's lion population is increasing but ever so slowly. The lioness does not get in heat again until after her offspring have become full grown and left the family circle. But he is encouraged.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

In his daily drives through the forest this year he has counted 20 cubs. A year ago there had been only 14.

I would have liked to listen to him longer, but it was now close to midnight, and there were 40 miles of bumps, twists, and dust between here and bed. So off we went back to Junagadh, but not another lion did we see on the way out of Gir Forest, even if the woods are full of them.

* * *

SHOLAPUR—The Indian Railways have some air-conditioned sleeping cars which provide all the amenities to which travelers on "wagon lits" in Europe are accustomed. Not many, though. None at all on the Bombay-Madras Mail. There are only two sleepers of any sort on the Mail, so obtaining a berth requires time, luck, or proper connections.

A berth in one of the non-air-conditioned cars is literally that and nothing more. The sleeping car ticket entitles one to the occupancy of a padded seat long enough to lie full length and wide enough to turn over without rolling onto the floor. One brings his own bedding, or does without, sleeping as best he can on the bench.

Fortunately I had been forewarned. I knew that for 60 cents one can rent from the railways a bedding roll for the night. It is a great, bulky, canvas-covered affair, weighing enough to make the little station porter stagger as he trots along with the roll balanced on his head.

One Bedfellow

I tagged along after my porter down the long station platform to the sleeper. There was a chart fixed to it showing berth assignments. I found that I had drawn the end compartment; the one right over the wheels. But on the other hand I was to have only one stranger as a companion for the night. The uppers had not been sold.

My things hoisted aboard, I surveyed my quarters. There were the two facing pairs of bare berths. A linoleum floor. Wood-paneled walls. Ceiling fans and lights almost bright enough to read by. A tiny door giving entrance to a cubicle containing a lavatory and one of those foot-rest toilets of the sort no westerner can easily adjust himself to. I turned the single tap. There was cold water.

But there was something odd about the compartment, and finally the explanation came to me. The car was of the type that was built prior to World War I. The compartment extended the full width of the car. There were no connecting corridors. Once the train was in motion, the occupants of the compartment were trapped, as if in a cell, until they had reached their destination. The prison illusion was heightened by the fact that the windows, as in all Indian trains, were crossed with steel bars.

JANUARY, 1964

Off on Schedule

The Madras Mail took off exactly on schedule at 10, my compartment mate having arrived with a full two minutes to spare. He took a blanket out of his suitcase and blew up an air pillow before stretching out. I unwound my bedding roll. I had received my 60 cents worth. It contained a thin mattress, a pillow, sheet, blanket, and towel. It also had some small special accessories of which I did not become aware until morning.

Tired, I took off my coat and shoes, as etiquette calls for, lay down immediately and soon was asleep. Through the night I was semi-aware of frequent halts by the train and of a little itching here and there on my body.

I did not awaken until it was almost time to get off. Then, when I took off my shirt to wash up, I discovered what the extras in my sleeping bag had been. Fleas. My back and legs were covered with welts.

I'm afraid this left me in no proper mood, shortly after on the platform, to be met by a group of six journalists who threw an elaborate circle of flowers around my neck and ceremoniously welcomed me to Sholapur.

* * *

SHOLAPUR—Indian hospitality is so unstinting and pervasive as to fill one with humility. It makes the recipient feel guilty. Not only is nothing denied him, but attentions are lavished on him as though they were a privilege to extend.

I know, from being the guest of Shri Kadadi in his comfortable bungalow, set back behind a well-shaded garden on a quiet street. It is a comfortable old place with a deep, broad verandah, and a spacious central room with 20-foot ceilings and windows on all sides just under the roof to provide cross ventilation. This great hall serves both for lounging and dining. Off on all sides through curtained doorways are the kitchen and I haven't the least idea how many bedrooms.

Assigned me is the comfortable front bedroom with an Indian type bath adjoining. At how much inconvenience I have placed this family, I shall never know either. Kadadi insists none. Nor shall I know what his family comprises.

Hidden Family

Through my stay, except for the eldest son, I have met not a one of them. But I have caught glimpses of one or perhaps two women, as the breeze whipped the doorway curtain, and have heard the voices of children from the other side of the house. So I am satisfied that there are members of three generations in residence.

Kadadi and I join for coffee and conversation several times daily, and he supplies both in a superior sort. "It was my

good fortune," he explained, as he first welcomed me, "that Sholapur does not have a hotel you would care to enter, and our guest house is badly managed. So I am able to invite you into my home. It is my pleasure since I am a partner in one of the papers with which you will be working." Unless I am an extraordinarily bad judge of character, he meant every word of it, too.

My host is a man of substance and of social conscience as well. He owns considerable property. He serves as an administrator for two high schools and a university. In a city of 300,000, where it is rare to see as many as three cars on the principal street at the same time, he owns two, and one of them with a driver has been placed at my disposal. He is a member of Parliament, but returned from the important budget session now in progress to see to my comfort.

Food Declined

But all that is only a beginning. Kadadi is a strict vegetarian. He wished that I would have my meals with him and sample the various Indian dishes. I declined apologetically. The chili powder and other high seasonings my stomach rejects. He not only understood but had the answer. Just around the corner is the Cafe Smiles, which is the best nonvegetarian restaurant in the city.

The Cafe Smiles is not only new; it is well furnished and clean. It also offers, in addition to the inevitable choice of chicken and mutton, Pratha Tandoori, Kima Nan, Murga Mussulum, Ragan Josh and "omelet." Here I dine, after having been driven the distance of one block. And dine with the MP's secretary as a companion, just in case I should have problems with the waiters whose knowledge of English is fragmentary.

My host, however, was not satisfied to provide me with my meals at the Cafe Smiles with his secretary along to make sure my every wish was fulfilled. I needed to make two or three small personal purchases. His son went along to be sure I got to the right shops. Not only that, he insisted on paying for them and indicated that his father would be offended if I spent my own rupees.

Would We?

Would we extend such generosity to an Indian visitor we never had laid eyes on before? You know the answer.

I bade farewell to Kadadi only minutes ago. He seemed genuinely sorry to see me go. He accompanied me to the station. He departed with apologies before my train left. He had to attend a meeting, he explained. It was a polite prevarication.

"Every evening at this time," explained a Sholapur journalist who was also there to see me off, "he goes to the temple for his devotions. Afterward he re-

turns home for his dinner." A strictly vegetarian dinner of the sort a good Brahman eats every day of his life.

—THE END

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EX-CBI ROUNDUP

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What India Is Talking About

Pots of Money

BOMBAY—Film people everywhere have "pots of money." But here in Bombay, the "Hollywood of the East," they not only have pots and pots of it but they also store it in pots.

Suddenly even urchins looking after private cars while the owners work in offices, or the bootblacks who block the crowded pavements, seem to know all about the strange "banking" habits of filmdom.

These habits, if gossip is to be trusted, are spine-tingling . . . one actress stacks away her earnings in currency notes in a corner of her garage . . . another pays for all her requirements in 1000-rupee (\$200) notes . . . a pretty Moslem star is making mattresses out of 100-rupee (\$20) notes.

This morbid preoccupation with the financial affairs of film stars was sparked off by an interesting incident in the luxurious home of Meena Kumari, a top actress and wife of Kamal Amrohi, an equally prominent film "mogul."

Pretty Meena, who acts in a dozen films simultaneously, left her keys with her servant one morning when she went out filming. The husband was away on another assignment.

When Meena came home she wanted a \$20 note to buy some domestic trifle. Opening the drawer where she had kept "some" money she found it empty.

A quick calculation revealed about \$50,000 was missing—and a servant.

The police were informed, after some hesitation. Later there turned out to be good reason for the hesitation.

Within a week the astute Bombay sleuths tracked down the thief in his native hamlet 600 miles away. All but \$6000 of the loot was recovered.

Meena applied to the court for her money, but in stepped another limb of the law—the Income Tax Department. They claimed all the money as arrears of tax evaded by the actress and her husband. Meena is contesting this.

According to government sources, she is not the only actress who bypasses the Income Tax Department. Now the "Special Branch" of the Criminal Investigation Department (local counterpart of the FBI) has been asked to make a thorough investigation of the earnings of film stars.

Reports say that many actors and actresses are worried, particularly one lady

said to be holding \$1 million in currency notes.

Movie stars get payments "under the table" and don't sign receipts. One film journal estimates that they do not declare even 5 per cent of their earnings.

Some top stars are said to be using the "black" money to contribute to the funds of political parties and among the beneficiaries of this are the Communists.

—Rukmini Devi

* * *

The Green Fall

DELHI—Delhi seems to shift into high gear each year about this time. The torrid summer is over and the monsoon has departed leaving the landscape a vivid green for a brief while.

This is the season when little boys break out their kites and spend long hours flying them over maidans and rooftops. Tourists begin to appear sightseeing at Red Fort; browsing in the Tibetan refugee bazaars along Jan Path or asking "how many rupees to a dollar" at American Express.

Air conditioners, true god-sends during the months of 100 degree plus weather, are turned off for the first time since April. People lie awake at night listening to the silence and outdoor noises. Actual temperatures range from 94-69 degrees now, but in Delhi that means fall.

Various wallahs, (hucksters) animal men with their trained monkeys, goats, bears and chanting sing song appear in the residential areas again taking advantage of the cessation of the air conditioners which rendered their cries impotent during the summer. The meat wallah, fruit wallah, bread wallah, all with their distinctive spiels, can be heard clearly now as they cycle their way through the neighborhood.

One of the many wedding seasons approaches. Matrimonial advertisements abound in the Delhi papers: "Match for beautiful, homely Khukhrain virgin, 24, BA, respectable Pindi side family" or "Suitable match for an England qualified engineer. Age late twenties, employed in London. Caste no bar. Early marriage. Correspondence from respectable Hindu, Punjabi families invited," or "Wanted, girl for Sharma, govt. service, age 32, pay 157 monthly (\$32), caste no bar."

With reluctance similar the world over, children have headed back to school. Many Delhi "schoolhouses" are tents set

up in vacant lots. Pupils sit on the ground and write with chalk on slates.

The Hindu population of Delhi is looking forward to two of their most important festivals. Dussera and Diwali. However consternation reigns about their dates. Ordinarily Dussera is celebrated in September, but the government decreed otherwise this year and postponed it for over a month. Religious sadhus and pundits deplore this tampering with the time element which should be astrologically inviolate.

The local astrologer declares: "This month is propitious for formal parties, weddings and duty calls. For luck wear or use reddish yellow, the number five, topaz." He adds this month will be politically auspicious. When reminded that he said the same thing last year shortly before the Chinese came over the Indian border he refuses to be perturbed. After all—summertime is over and the living is easy.

—Jane Quilter

* * *

The Great Eviction

NEW DELHI—A policeman knocks in the dead of night with the order to pack all your belongings and prepare to see your home of 16 years torn down. You are herded into trucks, dumped seven miles from town and told to begin anew there.

This happened to several thousand Delhi citizens last week and public opinion has turned to them in sympathy. It does not matter that these citizens were slum dwellers, that their homes were jhuggies made of sticks and mud, that they were squatters living within the walls of the ancient Purana Qila fortress.

The fact remains that their meager lives have been devastated anew.

At dawn police squads arrived and hustled everyone into the backs of trucks along with the goods and chattels they were able to carry. An 8-year-old boy was killed in the crush and two people were run over.

Tear gas squads stood ready although the eviction was orderly with an order that comes from despair. As an added measure, a portable magistrate's court was set up under a banyan tree to award instant punishment to protesters.

* * *

Many of these families live on as little as \$10 per month. The fact that the breadwinners now live seven miles from the city means that many will lose their jobs. They are not able to commute so far by foot and bus fare would eat up too much of their wages—if indeed a bus runs past their remote new encampment.

Most of the evicted are refugees from Pakistan who had been living in the Pur-

ana Qila since partition in 1947. This fortress is an imposing monument to Mogul days. The crumbling turrets and ramparts might be a cross between the Great Wall of China and Balmoral Castle.

Within its walls, secure in their slum city, the people had forgotten that the land was not theirs and their homes were illegal. The midnight knock and subsequent upheaval came as a profound shock.

* * *

No one questions the government's right to evict the slum dwellers, the complaints came because they were given only a few hours notice and they have been resettled in the boondocks with only murky well water to drink, no school for the children and no work for the men.

The editorial decries the "heartless officialdom" and predicts that when Parliament reconvenes "the lash of high criticism is bound to catch up with some bureaucratic backs."

—Jane Quilter Kennedy

* * *

Blue Monday

NEW DELHI—"A matter of shame for the city," deplored the chief commissioner. The police department has taken drastic action. The problem: Traffic, and in Delhi that covers everything from camels to Cadillacs. Pedestrians, rickshaws, scooters, bullock carts, horse tongas, buses, private autos and bicycles cause what is being cited as mass chaos on the highways.

"Blue Monday" was initiated and the police began a crack-down on traffic offenders. In four days fines totaled \$7421. Shrieks of protest issued from the city's police stations. Scooter drivers called an impromptu strike.

Cyclists were so intimidated they took to walking their machines whenever a constable was sighted.

Through it all, the real menace to safety went virtually unpunished, probably because the police themselves were afraid. These are the city's buses.

Some are painted a bright red in an effort, some say, to warn any and all to approach at their own risk. These exhaust spewing conveyances are piloted by ex-army desperados.

The drivers are caged into their seats, and protected from irate passengers and equally irate victims of the crunched fender or banged bumper.

If there is not a policeman on the spot when a mishap occurs the bus drivers drive on with a sublime "war is hell" attitude. Newspaper notices of death caused by Delhi buses often end with the words "driver absconded."

Then there are the taxis. These are manned by turbaned, bewhiskered Pun-

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

jabi Sikhs—the Don Juans of the Asian world. They drive their faithful Fiats or Hindustan Standards with loving attention and practice quaint automotive techniques such as turning off the ignition at every stop light to save gas.

Fares are low. One could go from Union Square to the St. Francis Yacht Club for less than 60 cents. But passengers must be prepared to help push the auto if the battery is dead. Or plead for the use of headlights at night or windshield wipers if it rains.

The road situation is just as bad. For example, "Walk" and "Don't Walk" signs

only confuse: Many pedestrians can't read. Besides camels walk; so do horses and bullocks. Are they pedestrians or in the automobile category? When despair sets in traffic officials comfort themselves with, "Think what it will be like ten years from now."

However, a psychophysical and psychological test has been initiated at Delhi's principal driver's clinic. The most concrete evidence of its findings is a large billboard posted at a main intersection. It reads: "Do you drive with your head in the clouds?"

—Jane Quilter

Kashmiris Riot Over Stolen Hair

SPRINAGAR, Kashmir, Dec. 28 (Reuters)—The police opened fire today to subdue about 100,000 Moslems rioting over the theft of a 600-year-old sacred relic—a single hair of the prophet Mohammed.

The hysterical crowds set fire to cars and burned down two movie theaters, part of a police station and several stores before the police fired over their heads.

The police said no one died in the violent rioting. One person was reported injured.

City authorities clamped an overnight curfew on the city.

Relic Taken from Mosque

The strand of hair, kept attached to a silver pendulum in a glass tube an inch in diameter, was reported stolen yesterday from a mosque at nearby Hazratbal, where it had been preserved for more than 600 years.

A famous Moslem shrine at Kistwar, 138 miles north of Jammu, was burned down yesterday at the same time the hair was stolen.

The police have interrogated hundreds of persons in the theft of the hair. The border between India and Pakistan has been closed.

In New Delhi, a Government spokesman said two senior officers of India's Central Intelligence Bureau had been sent to Srinagar to investigate the theft.

\$21,000 Reward Offered

Premier Khwaja Shamsuddin announced a reward of 100,000 rupees (about \$21,000) to anyone who traced or helped trace the stolen sacred relic.

He appealed to Moslems to remain calm and said the entire administration was geared to the recovery of the relic.

The crowds dispersed quietly after the police opened fire. Many had congregated in a square in the old city of Srinagar for a speech by Mohiuddin Kara, presi-

dent of the Political Conference party, a pro-Pakistan political group.

According to a report by the Press Trust of India news agency, violence broke out when the secretary general of the ruling National Conference tried to address the crowd.

The riots came on the second day of a general strike that has paralyzed this city. All stores and offices were closed and taxis and horse-drawn carriages were kept off the roads.

The thief who stole the hair sawed through a double lock on a cupboard to get at the relic.

Tradition holds that the hair was brought from Bijapur in South India by the Mogul Emperor Aurangzeb and placed in the Hazratbal Mosque. Hazratbal means Hair of the Prophet.

As soon as the hair was reported missing, tension mounted through this overwhelmingly Moslem city.

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Book REVIEWS



HONG KONG SURGEON. By Li Shu-Fan. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. January 1964. \$5.95.

A story which deals with the Japanese savagery in Hong Kong during their occupation of the city in World War II. The author, who had been Minister of Public Health in the brief first revolutionary government of Sun Yat-Sen in China, was founder and director of the Hong Kong Sanatorium and Hospital.

THE SAYINGS OF CHUANG CHOU. Translated by James R. Ware. New American Library (Mentor), New York. November 1963. Paperback, 75c.

These are not short aphorisms or proverbs, but 33 Chinese tales that are rather difficult to classify. They are full of abstract discussion, and contain the ideas of a noted Chinese philosopher of 300 B.C. who was a free thinker who strove to maintain the spirit, not the letter, of Confucianism.

100 MOST HONORABLE CHINESE RECIPES. By Charlotte Adams and Yu Mei Wen. T. Y. Crowell, New York. November 1963. \$5.95.

A collection of recipes drawn from each of the five major "schools" of Chinese cooking: Shanghai, Peking, Yang Chow, Szechuan and Canton. Each of the recipes was picked by Yu Lin Chuan, one of free China's most renowned restaurateurs, and included are such authentic dishes as quail with rice, crabmeat lion head, sweet and sour sauce and Chinese sausages. There are also chapters on rare ingredients, Chinese cooking utensils (American substitutes are suggested) and on Chinese table manners, and a helpful list of mail-order houses that will supply ingredients not available in the supermarkets.

BURMESE DAYS. By George Orwell. Signet Classics (New American Library), New York. December 1963. Paperback, 60c.

The somber story of a well-meaning but weak Englishman who comes out to Burma and is driven to suicide by the corruption, cruelty and sheer stupidity of the Anglo-Indian society in which he finds himself.

THE INNOCENT DREAMERS. By Alice Tisdale Hobart. Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind. November 1964. \$4.95.

A panoramic novel which tells the history of the English and American impact on China and the revolutions in China from the early 19th century to the present. A daughter of English traders, whose trade began with opium, marries a high-born Chinese just before World War I. They have two sons, one who turns to Communism in his boyhood. The story is told against the dramatic background of the rise of Red China.

THE COLONEL'S SON. By Nigel Eldridge. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, New York. January 1964. \$3.95.

An exciting childhood in India in the 1920's, recalled by the author, who was a mischievous, belligerent eight-year-old when his father took command of a new regiment and moved his family from England to India. Fictitious names are substituted for real ones, but the book is based upon actual events and happenings.

TO THE CORAL STRAND. By John Masters. Dell Publishing Co., New York. January 1964. Paperback, 60c.

A kind of sequel to "Bhowani Junction" carrying on the story of Colonel Rodney Savage who loves India and stays on there after the British leave. A book full of violence, sex and melodrama as Savage tries first to make a go of it as a white hunter and then as an aide to a princely ruler.

RENEW YOUR LIFE THROUGH YOGA. By Indra Devi. Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N. J. November 1963. \$4.95

Madame Devi is the foremost teacher of Yoga in this country and her Studio of Yoga in Hollywood is patronized by many public figures and celebrities. In this illustrated book she presents a series of Yoga exercises designed to achieve complete relaxation.

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CBI DATELINE

News dispatches from recent issues
of The Calcutta Statesman

NEW DELHI—Mr. Nehru has imposed a ban on the construction of one-room flats for low-salaried Government employees. He told Government architects and engineers "never to build one-room tenements, emergency or no emergency." Pre-fabricated two-room houses will be built, however.

DACCA—The government of East Pakistan has introduced, for the first time, hospital launches to meet the medical needs of the people of the outlying areas of the province where road and other means of communication are not available. Five launches are now under construction for this purpose.

BOMBAY—The all-India liquor permit scheme, introduced for the convenience of foreign tourists visiting India, is now in full force in Maharashtra. According to the scheme a foreign tourist would be required to obtain only one liquor permit, which will be valid for all states.

NEW DELHI—A noted American publishing firm has announced the establishment of a new company in India to reprint U. S. scientific and technical books at low cost. Prentice-Hall, Inc., one of the world's leading publishers of textbooks and educational materials, has announced the establishment of the company, Prentice-Hall of India, Ltd. The new firm, with headquarters in New Delhi, will have 51% Indian ownership.

DIBRUGARH—Four persons were killed recently by a herd of elephants on the rampage in Silli and Aborgaon villages on the northern bank of the Brahmaputra River. Because of the resulting panic, labourers laying the new railway track between Silapathar and Murkongsalek stopped work. Immediate destruction of the beasts was ordered.

CHITTARANJAN—About 9,000 trains of the Indian Railway system are run with five million passengers and about half a million tonnes of freight every day, according to the Union Minister for Railways, H. C. Dasappa. He told a gathering here that with more than 1.2 million employees on its payroll and nearly Rs. 1,900 crores as its capital, the railway system was the largest public sector undertaking in India. It was one of the few railway systems in the world which are financially solvent, he added.

RAWALPINDI—President Ayub Khan has amended the Customs Act by an ordinance to provide for whipping as a penalty for smugglers and "to ensure speedy trial." All first class magistrates are now empowered to try smuggling cases.

NEW DELHI—The Union Agricultural Ministry has at last realized the great potentialities of Nagaland as a fruit producing area. Oranges of Nagaland are reported to be as "sweet as sugar," and an orange expert has been sent there to prepare a plan for laying orange orchards.

CALCUTTA—Two white tigers from Rewa, bought by the West Bengal Government for Rs. 96,000, have become a source of revenue to the State. In a period of three months, more than 270,000 people went to the Alipore Zoo to see the two tigers, paying about Rs 68,000 to see them. An extra fee of 25 nP is charged for a visit to the tigers' enclosure.

NEW DELHI—A "mighty wave" of conversion to Buddhism by scheduled caste Hindus and a large-scale influx of Muslims from East Pakistan into the adjoining States of India are the two outstanding trends revealed by the recent census on the religions of the country. There have also been evidence of conversions to Christianity as the Christians have "slightly improved" their proportion to the total population especially in Andhra, Assam, Madhya Pradesh, Orissa, Manipur, Tripura, Nagaland and Sikkim.

CALCUTTA—It has been proposed that helicopters be used to ferry air travelers from Dum Dum to the Maidan, in order to avoid the wearisome crawl from the airport to Calcutta. It now takes almost the same time to reach Tollygunge from the airport by car as by jet from Bombay. A Calcutta firm has said that with three 16-seater Russian-made M-14 helicopters it can ferry 800 passengers each way between Dum Dum and Calcutta. The flight will take only 10 minutes, and will cost about Rs 20 per passenger.

SHILLONG—A total of 818 people committed suicide in Assam in 1962 as against 635 in the preceding year. Of these, 582 were men and 236 were women. No special reason has been assigned to the increase in suicides except domestic troubles, disputes over property, frustration and economic reasons.

BHUBANESWAR—With the bodies of victims of the disease being carelessly tossed into rivers and canals, Orissa's cholera epidemic has spread to new areas in the Sadar, Kendrapara and Jajpur subdivisions of Cuttack district. It was reported that all rivers and canals appeared to be contaminated.

Commander's

Message

by

Haldor Reinholt

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.



Loren Durfee, Julian Kotarski and I stood at the top of the observation tower staring down in amazement. What we had heard was true. The ice was over forty feet thick. Those of you who attended the Reunion in Buffalo will remember the bouncing, splashing, turbulent waters at the base of Niagara Falls. Old Man Winter had now tamed these waters and formed them into a small glacier. But, as nature's handiwork could be magnificent and awe-inspiring, so too could it destroy. Above the falls the white monster had piled up against the yacht basin, causing thousands of dollars of damage to the docks. Eight inch steel pilings were twisted and 4 x 12 pine plankings were tossed around like sticks.

The hearts of the Buffalo Basha were as big as the Niagara ice bridge and radiated enough warmth to melt it.

Loren and Julian, after meeting me at the airport, installing me in my Sheraton Hotel room, invited me out for pizza. Although the pizza at Pasquale's was of the finest quality, I noted that my hosts were novices in the art of pizza manual control. As an old pizza man myself, I instructed them in the South Philadelphia method. The favor was returned the next day at the Pancake House where I was given instruction in the art of pancake carving. I had Swedish pancakes with Lingonberries. It brought back memories of my childhood when my mother used to make its Norwegian equivalent "egga pona koga".

Saturday evening I installed the 1964 officers of the Buffalo Basha at the 30-40 Club. The new officers are: Basha Com-

mander Julian V. Kotarski; Vice-Commander Loris L. Durfee; Adjutant Loren R. Durfee; Finance Officer Harold N. Salhoff; Judge Advocate Albert C. Taylor, Jr.; and Provost Marshal Stanley Rataczak.

Afterwards there was general merrymaking and I was introduced to a new Buffalo sport which consists mainly of ear osculation. For instructions in this new craze sweeping Buffalo please contact Al Schachner or Josh Berg. Joe Szaller, immediate Past-Commander of the Buffalo Basha, earned a new nickname for himself that evening. From now on he will be "Spurts" to everyone.

Sunday, after viewing the Falls and eating at the Pancake House, I tried to go home but evidently the trap had been closed because a return flight was not available. Instead we returned to Loren Durfee's house where we saw movies of the Buffalo Reunion and a film summary of 1963 Basha activities. I sojourned at Loris Durfee's house that evening. Loris has built a very cosy but spacious home for himself. His daughter, Diane, aged 12, gave up her bed to make me comfortable. I discovered that Loris has a reputation for being grouchy in the morning. I soon discovered why. At 6:30 A.M. I was forced to choose between orange juice, prune juice and grapefruit segments. Anyone would be grouchy if they had to make such weighty decisions so early in the day.

At 7:30 A.M. I waved good-bye to Loren and Loris and took with me to Philadelphia memories of a very pleasant week-end.

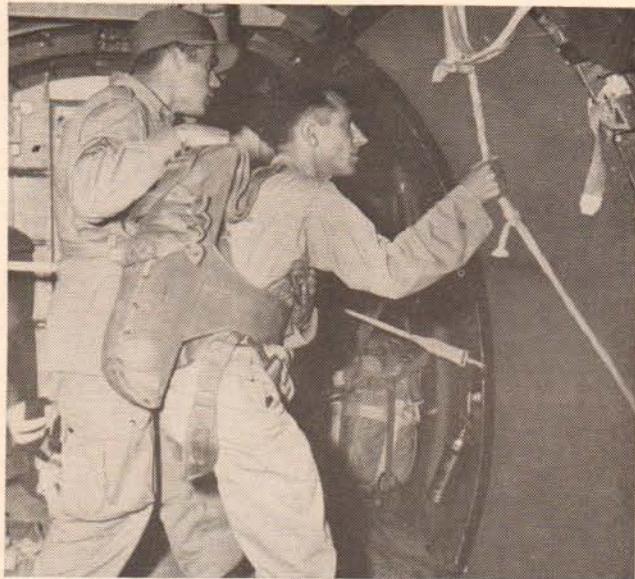
February 20 to 24 will find me in San Francisco where I will review the Chinese New Year's parade, with the members of the General Sliney Basha acting as my hosts. My headquarters in San Francisco will be the Sheraton Palace.

On February 24 I will fly to Los Angeles and San Diego where I hope to meet with CBI'ers to form a Southern California Basha. My headquarters in San Diego will be the El Cortez Hotel from February 26-28. I invite all Southern California CBI'ers to contact me.

On February 28 I will fly to El Paso to present the charter to our newest Basha. Those in the El Paso area who wish to join our El Paso-Del Norte Basha should contact Warren B. Steele at 1005 Imperial Street, El Paso 24, Texas. Saturday, February 29, I will leave for Houston, Texas, to fellowship with the members of the William Bates McDonald Basha.

I hope to meet with many new CBI'ers on this trip and I am very anxious to tell you about the exciting plans for the 1964 Reunion. I know Digger Runk, our National Sr. Vice-Commander, will be pleased to know that included in the Reunion plans is a trip to Longwood Gardens, the "Versailles of America".

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



EDGAR LAYTHA, CBI Roundup staff reporter, is shown getting ready to join OSS forces behind Jap lines in Burma. Laytha disappeared during an assignment, and was never heard from again. Photo by Sidney R. Rose.

Information Wanted

• Trying to locate Capt. Bernard Gladstein, CMP, Hq. USF, CBI Theater, APO 885. Please communicate any information regarding the Captain to the writer.

EDWARD SIDERMAN,
115 Worthyko St.,
Carteret, N. J.

Wetzel in any way, it would be sincerely appreciated if you would correspond with him at the following address: Wetzel Equipment Co., 18 East Stratford Ave. (South), Salt Lake City, Utah. Telephone INgersoll 7-5997.

R. J. HASKIN,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Needs Information

• Nevin Wetzel, who represents our company in Salt Lake City, Utah, is interested in learning the location of the following with whom he served in China: Col. Edward J. McNally, G2, Chungking, 1942; Lt. Col. John Culmer, medical officer, Chungking, 1942; Del Sefcik, nurse 20th General Hospital, Assam, 1944; General Alexander, air officer, Chungking, 1942; Lt. Col. Edwin C. Green, Ramgarh Training Center, 1943; Lt. Col. Horace Belcher, engineer officer, China, 1945; Col. Edward Cahill, adjutant general, Chungking, 1942. If you know the whereabouts of any of these men or can help Mr. Wet-

View of India

• The article on page 10, October 1963, "An Editor Visits India," is the best so far. This man Harris seems to have seen everything of India with the exception of being chased by MP's from "out of bounds."

CHUCK MITCHELL
Merrit Island, Fla.

Dr. Archie Sofman

• Dr. Archie Sofman, 54, who served during World War II as a captain in the Army Medical Corps in the CBI Theater, died recently at St. Vincent's Hospital in New York. He was attending psychiatrist at the New Jersey State Diagnostic Center in Menlo Park and consulting psychiatrist to the New Jersey State Police and the Children's Country Home at Westfield, N. J. He also was on the staff of the Greystone Park State Hospital in Morristown. A graduate of Syracuse University, he also studied at the University of Vienna, and received his M.D. at the University of Lausanne, Switzerland. He is survived by his wife, a son, three daughters, his parents and a sister.

E. J. SOBCZYNSKI,
Coatesville, Pa.



STREET SCENE in Tezpur, India, during World War II. Photo by Anthony V. Noto.

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